PUBLISHED DAILY.

BOMBAY GAZETTE

TUESDAY, JULY 27, 1841.

Vol. LIII. Price 13 Rupees Per Quarter :—52 Rupees Per Annum ;—or, if paid in Advance, 48 Rupees Per Annum. New Series No. 23

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FROM and after the 1st July 1841, the BOMBAY GAZETTE will be published daily (Sundays excepted) without any additional charge to Subscribers.

Bombay, July 1, 1841.

TO ADVERTIZERS.

IN future persons requiring ADVERTISEMENTS to be published in THIS JOURNAL will please to SEND them to this Office before 6 P. M and endorsed with the number of times they are to be inserted.

Bombay, July 27th 1841.

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July 27th, 1841.

NOTICE.

THE Public is hereby informed, that the BOMBAY GAZETTE PRESS has been removed from the late Premises No. 5, Forbes Street, and is now occupying the Premises in Apollo Street, Old Admiralty House, opposite the Bombay Chamber of Commerce and Exchange Rooms, where all communications to the Editor will be received.—Bombay, 5th April 1841.

BOMBAY GAZETTE OVERLAND DISPATCH.

WHICH will contain a Precis of Indian Intelligence for the past Month.

The Public and Subscribers to the Gazette are informed that an Overland Monthly Summary, will be published at this Office for the present and every succeeding Mail.

The Outstation Subscribers to the *Bombay Gazette* are hereby informed that if they will favor the Editor with the names of the Parties in England to whom they wish their Overland Summary to be sent, they will be forwarded punctually through the Post Office here by each Steamer.

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Gentlemen desirous of becoming Subscribers to the above Periodical will be pleased to communicate the same to the Editor by letter post paid.

TO THE ARMY AND NAVY.

THE following Works are for Sale and to be had on application at this Office.

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Report of the Commissionors for Inquiring into the Naval and Military Promotion and Retirement Rs. 2

Proceedings of a General Court Martial held at Fort George on Captain D. G. DUFF, 16th Regt. N. I..... R. 1

BOMBAY SPORTING MAGAZINE.

MANY applications having been made to the EDITOR of this Journal, and promises of assistance given to get up a *Sporting Magazine*, It is hereby announced that the 2nd No. of the BOMBAY SPORTING MAGAZINE was published on the 29th of March, and No. 3 will appear in July. The price to Subscribers is 12 Rupees a year, single numbers 4 Rupees. Communications will be thankfully received.

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Respondentia Bonds, each	R.	1
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IT is in contemplation, should a sufficient number of Subscribers send in their names, to publish a weekly supplement to the Delhi Gazette, to contain only extracts from the Papers and Magazines brought by the Overland Mail, and to comprize of selections from every department noticed by the European Journals, except commercial articles; the debates in the Houses of Parliament, which our present limits generally debar us from inserting, will always have a portion of our attention, whilst Literature, the Drama, and Fine Arts will not be neglected, a summary of Home Events will be the only original article admitted, though should any important news reach us from Affghanistan or elsewhere, about the time of publishing, it will either form a portion of the paper or be published separately.

At the commencement of the paper it will be published as a single sheet equivalent to 4 pages of the Gazette, but the type will mostly be of the size in which our extracts of to day are printed, and will never exceed that of our editorials.

The price to subscribers to the Delhi Gazette will be *eight* rupees in advance. to non-subscribers *ten* rupees, and all subscriptions must be for one year.

If our present advertisers wish their advertisements to appear, they will be printed on a separate slip.

Should the bi-monthly Overland dispatch be carried into effect, of course the Supplement will become more valuable.

Any Gentleman requireing the Supplement is requested to write to the Editor or Printer, Delhi.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following Bombay Bank Notes vizt. No 82 in two pieces of Rs. One Hundred, and No. 1482 of Rs. Fifty, being stolen from Mr. Laurence Barretto's shop at Poona, the Public is cautioned not to accept them in payment or exchange.

LAURENCE BARRETTO.

Bombay, 24th July 1841.

INDIAN INTELLIGENCE.

North West Provinces.

REMEDY FOR CHOLERA.

(DELHI GAZETTE, JULY 14.)
TO THE EDITOR OF THE DELHI GAZETTE.

SIR,—As cholera is raging so fatally on every side, perhaps you will allow the following memorandum a corner in your widely circulated journal, and oblige

A GUAGER.

Ungoor-ka-Baugh, 23d June 1841.

In the journal of medical science, edited by Messrs. Grant and Pearson for August 1834, I saw Dr. Burt's case of cholera in which he recommended a pill containing Assafœtida 2 grs., Opium 2 grs., and cayenne pepper 2 grs., to be administered as soon as the patient was attacked; the pill not to be swallowed entire, but chewed, and the fluid caused by the Saliva during the process of mastication to be swallowed. During the season of 1837 the cholera raged here violently, but out of upwards of 100 patients I only lost one, and he was insensible and his stomach quite cold before I saw him. In most cases one pill cured, but never more than three were administered.

During the years 1838-39-40 I had complete success with them, and this year, although hundreds are dying on every side, only 2 have died in my immediate neighbourhood, the friends of whom did not apply to me.

We decline publishing the details of the cases but our correspondent has our thanks. Ed. D. G.

We have letters from Gundamuck, four marches on the Jullalabad side of Cabul. Captain Broadfoot's Kafilla with the Shah's Zenana reached Cabul on the 17th June, but a party of his Hazareh Sappers under Captain Webb had been left with Magazine Stores for which carriage was not procurable. Mr. Baness the Delhi Merchant had passed through on his way to Cabul the day before our letters left, but was much inconvenienced for want of carriage also, and was obliged to convey his Merchandise on Mules and Bullocks. Capt. McGregor P. A., Capt. Burn 2d Local Khyberries, Dr. John C. Brown, and Capt. Dias were in Camp and, from all accounts, they had no reason to regret it, as Gundamuck is represented to be a most beautiful place, surrounded with Hills, a nice breeze always playing, and the water in abundance as cool as ice.

Accounts have been received from Capt. Connolly from Khiva to the end of April; he was quite well and continued to be treated with the greatest consideration by the Khan, and was likely to remain in that quarter for the present. Colonel Stoddart had opened a communication with him and had written in very good spirits, occasioned by the change of the King's conduct towards him, caused, not by the interference of the "Ruler of Constantinople" as the Loodianah Ukhbar had it, but through the representation of an Agent sent by that *mismanaging* diplomat Major Todd! So high is Colonel Stoddart now in favour at Bhokara that he offered to supply Captain Connolly with such funds as he might require. This is indeed very satisfactory.

Calcutta.

CALCUTTA STAR, JULY 13.

It is with great satisfaction we learn that Bombay can at last boast a Daily Paper. The *Gazette*, a Journal established more than half a century ago, and that has been weekly, bi-weekly, and tri-weekly in its time, has now assumed the dignity of a daily Paper, having, though, decreased its size one half, with a promise to double it, should the public sufficiently patronize the new undertaking.

We apprehend that this change will force a similar one upon other Journals, especially the *Bombay Times*, a Paper we have always thought one of the very best in India, and which certainly ought, with the talent it appears to command, to supply the public with a Morning issue. The *Bombay Gazette* began its new course on July 1st, the same day upon which the *Calcutta Star* rose, and as the former too is a cheap paper, though not quite so cheap as the latter, we feel an additional interest in its success. We have republished our cotemporary's editorial announcement elsewhere, and we are happy to see that he ranks himself among the Movement party.

As Captain Elliott has been as well abused as any gentleman in the world, during the last year; so well, and so generally that we have never stumbled on a person willing to say a word in his behalf, or an intelligent paragraph in his defence, it is right that since he has found an Advocate at last, his case should be prominently noticed. We, therefore, beg to call attention to an extract from a letter which appears in the *Singapore Free Press* of June 17, received by us yesterday, and quoted in another column. The whole blame of the bungling is laid on the late Admiral, and it is said, that the dangerous shilly-shallying which characterized our doings were entirely the consequence of his incompetency.

The writer of the letter is an American. Captain Elliott has done a thing or two that entitles him to a good word in that quarter.

THE THEATRE.

At a quarter past 8 last night the curtain drew up to a good, but not a crowded audience. We mention the time, because we would suggest that the advertised time of beginning should be changed, for this season of the year, to 8 o'clock. People hardly get home from their drive by half-past seven, and at this hour last evening there were but few people in the Treatre, certainly not as many before the curtain as there were behind. We shall not say anything here about the changes that have been made, except indeed that from what we could gather they were generally approved. The two first rows are denied the luxury of punkahs, because a double row of chandeliers prevent their being hung. However, if people occupy the best seats in the House, they must put up with a little inconvenience. The Sentinel was the first piece of the evening, and excellently it was performed. Captain Copp was too unwell to appear, and Rivers played the part of Frederick William of Prussia extremely well; if he had a fault, he was little too boisterous. Mrs. Leach as Linda played with all the archness and vivacity which made her acting natural and captivating, and the songs she had to sing were quite within the compass of her voice. Modus as Schloppsen the Sentinel—was admirable in his drunken scene, when he returns to his post, and apostrophises the King, believing himself addressing Linda, who had been doing duty for him while he was making her father drunk, and getting his consent to their union. Alfred as Prince Frederick played creditably for a young performer, but he has yet a great deal to learn. He speaks however audibly, and that is not a trifling qualification. Baptista as the Baron Vonderbushel may become valuable as a second old man (and the Company wants one) but he must speak out.

The Irish Lion was the second piece, and caused considerable laughter, but still it struck us as being rather flat. Modus's brogue is not quite Irish, but no one could have so well supplied the loss of Copp.

This farce was not over till 20 m. past 10, and we think the performance would have been amply sufficient had it ended here.

For Fish out of Water, we staid long enough to see there were fish out of water for want of rehearsals, or because the Actors did not know their parts. What we saw of it was dull, but this, we believe, chiefly because the principal performers had played all through the evening and were evidently knocked up.

China.

VINDICATION OF CAPTAIN ELLIOT.—The following vindication of Captain Elliot's proceedings contained in a late letter from Canton, which we have been kindly permitted to extract and as that officer so rarely find any advocates of his views or measures, we will publish it without a qualifying comment or remark of any sort. We may, however, mention that the writer is an American, if that will at all aid the effect of his remarks, on the score of *impartiality* :—

"I feel confident, if Captain Elliott is left to work out his plans, that all will be settled by September next, and the Emperor's own seal affixed to the Treaty. But the fear is, that Elliott may be recalled, in which case a new man, who has every thing to learn, will be sent in his place. 'Tis the universal practice here to ascribe all the errors of the Expedition to Captain Elliot; this is most unjust. He, too, has made mistakes, as who would not have done; but the dead

weight about the expedition was the Admiral. He would always follow the *letter* of his instructions, whereas Charles Elliot wanted to throw the *letter* overboard and follow the *spirit*. If he had had his way, the Bogue would have been taken at once; and when two line of battle ships were put "hors de combat" by the accident to the *Melville*, he would have gone into the Yantze-kiang instead of to the Peiho; and when obliged to go to the Peiho, would have pushed on to Tieutsing, and taken possession of it: afterwards, when brought back to Chusan, he would have demanded the prisoners at Ningpo, and thrashed the fellows at Amoy; but the Admiral said "no!" At length the expedition got back here, having done nothing but lose 1,000 men from neglect at Chusan, and then the Admiral left; bequeathing the responsibility to Charles Elliot of measures which he had not approved of. Here *his* game began, which was negociation with Keshen. Every body told him that Keshen was false; he did not believe it. and it is now proved incontestably by degradation and possibly by his death, that he was sincere. He wanted to preserve peace: He saw the Chinese could not resist; that Hongkong was nothing worth; that the indemnity could be got by the Hong Merchants out of the foreign trade itself; but what Elliot feared, yet hoped would not take place, did take place; Keshen was undermined; he was circumvented; and finally ruined in the estimation of his own Government by the intrigues of Lin. Then Elliot took the Bogue, and subsequently Canton, sparing the City and the Authorities; because he knew, they were both most necessary to the English trade. But he will take satisfaction elsewhere, for the falsehood and uncompromising hostility of the Government, for now his quarrel is a good one, which, in the eyes of Europe, it was not before."—*Singapore Free Press, June* 10.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The serious indisposition of the Editor has caused the following letter to be postponed, which we now give as the unanswerable winding up of the dreadful case which has so much occupied the attention of the public, and we earnestly hope, that the ends of the scanty justice awarded to the delinquent, will not be defeated in the manner hinted at. It will be the duty of the magistrates to look to this.

MR. EDITOR,—Your correspondent in your issue of the 20th Instant who, while criticising the propriety of a signature signs himself an "Impartial Englishman" shows by the scurrility of his language (forgetting that the greatest fool always calls fool first,) and the total absence of argument, that he has a bad cause to defend—his nonsense about the Printer's devils, (who did their duty correctly) is below contempt—if he will bring his *impartiality* to the examination of the reported trial, from which alone I derived my information, not being present at it—he will find all my statements and inferences substantially correct, and proved by the witnesses on oath, without the slightest tittle to *exonerate* as he calls it, his Protege —would to God there were but "expede Herculem," the style betrays the author—and convinces me that he is employed by one of the evidence against his own common sense and feelings. I shall answer him by facts, and leave to a humane and impartial community to decide who is right.

1st. That by the evidence on oath of three *eye witnesses* in the ship, opposed to the *opinions* of Mr. Graham, and Mr. Merritt (who like the worthy grocer candidate at Bristol, called out "I says ditto to Mr. Burke") neither of whom had seen the man and heard only *parts* of the trial, and nothing to justify those opinions, this wretched victim of more than Brownrig cruelty *was* in *good health* at the time of his entering on board the Argyll, therefore the attempt to prove him to have been "constitutionally unwell" at the time, falls to the ground, and *not* the "graver charge of murder" as the learned judge attempted to force upon the jury—who had, however, "such an *extraordinary* idea of the nature of their duty as to reject his construction, as they no doubt asked themselves, was it possible that the Captain or officers of a ship would entertain a seaman who was both mentally and constitutionally ill at the time:—the supposition is as absurd as incredible, very different would it have been if Carey really had been so when shipped (which the judge without a shadow of evidence wished the jury to believe) and growing gradually worse, had at the end of about two months died in spite of the humane attentions it was in the power of the Captain to afford,—but the truth obvious to every one is that the *cause* of the death of this unfortunate man *commenced* on board the ship *after* leaving Greenock, and that he was killed by inches, by a series of the most brutal violence and torture in the records of inhumanity—it is futile for the "Impartial Englishman" (what if he comes from another *countree*?*) to divide the guilt of the Captain with the crew—the Commander of a Vessel is Father, King, and Priest in one, of his little floating domain, and responsible for every atrocity committed in it, unless he can prove that he did every thing in his power to prevent it—instead of which, what did this petty despot do?—encourage every species of wanton cruelty upon the poor fellow by his countenance and example—the rough and severe treatment and *lickings* by the sailors, in which they considered they pleased their worthy commander, were mere flea bites to those of this fiend in human shape himself, and which they would have desisted from instanter, if he had reproved them or threatened punishment—there being *no* passengers on board to overawe this cruel man, he was determined to let his "soul of Nero" take its full swing, to try how much human nature could bear, and it sunk in the experiment.

Amongst the list of horrid cruelties, the fact of his being kept in the indecent and painful state under a tropical sun of intire nudity, appears to have been too slightly considered, let the learned judge (judges are but men and sometimes frail ones too) picture to himself what his sensations would have been if from a fortnight after leaving Greenock till the moment of his death, a period of nearly six weeks, those parts of *his* body usually covered, had been laid bare to the scorching luminary! particularly when tied up to the rigging &c. would he not contemplate universal blisters, running into sores, besides the numerous wounds and ulcerations from the missiles, particularly that on the hip, nine inches in circumference, all undressed, and uncared for. Would a Dog have been treated in this manner? much less ought a poor sailor, Britain's pride and stay, who might one day be taken from this nursery (the Merchant service) to fight the battles of his Country; and is not the extreme vengeance of the Law merited in *such a case as this*, if in any? to check by severe example, the inhuman pranks of a petty tyrant.

2nd.—I refer I. E. to the evidence of David Watson who states a "Hammock stretcher to be about a yard long and an inch thick."

3rd.—For the starvation charge, I appeal to the evidence of the Cook, Samuel Johnstone, for altho' the steward might have served out rations for the whole crew, yet he, the Cook, was forbid to give any to poor Carey on pain of being thrown overboard, and feeling that his worthy Captain was a man likely to keep his word in such trifles, his humanity (for fear of the Captain he says) was obliged to act in *secret*: but it may be naturally supposed that what the poor fellow got was very scanty and irregular, this Cook is said to be an African!

4th.—He *was* towed *astern* of the Ship, far abaft the Mizen Chains or Rudder either, as the rope fastened round his body (three ropes tied together) extended to the length of sixteen fathoms; the sharks on those occasions proved themselves far more merciful than the Captain.

5th.—Giving him "spotted Fever" as the cause of death is a poor manœuvre, the unfortunate man was spotted enough, God knows; but it was with wounds and ulcers undressed and even unwashed. I believe the human imagination cannot conceive the spectacle which this wretched fellow creature exhibited, when drawn up after his last *water torture*, and left lying naked on Deck, with his head on a wet swab, and his entire body one mass of corruption, so offensive, that when death mercifully came to his relief, the men could hardly approach to throw the body overboard! I repeat my exclamation of "Virtuous indignation" as I. E. calls it, it would have been I admit an act of WILD JUSTICE, as Lord Bacon terms it, but still justice, and if what we have just seen be the *Law* justice of treating such atrocious criminals, may be occasionally justifiable—respecting his *highness* whom this sycophant has so foolishly attempted to fawn upon, I shall say nothing more, than express a wish that he may soon be relieved, and his place supplied by an experienced Barrister from the Court who understands his business better; but as it is, I hope the ends of even this *lame* justice, which has been meted out, may not be defeated, by the circumstance (as I am told) of the Chief Medical *evidence* being surgeon of the Gaol, pronouncing the culprit as being too *constitutionally unwell* to undergo the the labour he is sentenced to.

I am, &c.
JUSTITIA.

. Which, famed for humanity, would make this defender's conduct the more inexcusable.

Our contemporary the Bombay Times in his paper of last Saturday gives the report of a case which he considers to bear a strong resemblance to this; it does so and is bad enough, but far inferior in *persevering* cruelty to this. The injury which caused the unfortunate mans death in the instance referred to, was inflicted in a moment of passion by two blows on the head with a snatch block and a beating with a rope—which latter was repeated next day (the worst feature of the case) but it was considered that the blows on the head was the cause of death. The perpetrator, a Captain Cannell of the Brig Laurel, conscientiously passed sentence upon himself by saying "that if the old———died he, supposed he should be hung, but that he would swing gloriously and it is to be regretted he did not get his expectations which it is said in the report "might be traced to the mercy of his judges and the eloquence of his talented Counsel more than any palliating circumstances referred to in the evidence." The jury returned a Verdict "not guilty of murder but guilty of manslaughter," and the prisoner was sentenced to fourteen years transportation, a far severer sentence than that allotted to McPhunn. We should be glad to see some elucidation of the blundering conduct of the judge in the case of McPhunn—he was arraigned for murder and the jury found him guilty on all the counts, if therefore the judge had really entertained any doubts, why did he not ask them what they meant? they could not possibly mean guilty of an assault, it must have been either murder, manslaughter or a great number of assaults; this case would really discredit a parcel of Children playing at judge and jury and proves that our Bombay criminal jurisprudence stands in great need of reformation.—Editor Bombay Gazette.

POETRY.

We quote the following beautiful stanza, the closing one of the air which opens the second act of the operetta called "*A Day near Turin*" by Mrs. Maberly.

"Through days of trembling tears,
I have watched so mournfully,
Through nights of silent tears,
I have fondly prayed for thee.
And now those fears are past,
No danger hovers near,
The hour has come at last,
And yet—thou art not here!
Wilt thou not come?
In my lonely home
I wait—oh! in heaven above!
No star is so bright,
As the blessed light
Of a smile from the lips we love.'

Domestic Occurrences.

BOMBAY.

BIRTHS.

At Sholapoor, on the 16th July, the lady of captain J. T. Baldwin, Madras horse artillery, of a daughter.

On Monday the 19th July, the wife of mr. Mathew Rodrigues, of a son.

DEATHS.

At Bombay, on the 19th July, the infant daughter of the widow of the late sub-conductor R. A. Carter.

On the 24th June, the Lady of G. Grant Esq aged 37 years.

At Kurrachee, on Sunday the 4th Inst. Ensign G. W Hessing, H. M. 41st Regt. aged 20 Years.

CALCUTTA.

MARRIAGES.

At Nusseerabad, on the 28th May, by the Reverend H. Pratt, M. Y. Rivett, Music Master 14th Regiment Native Infantry, to Miss Eliza, Daughter of Serjeant Y. McHugh, of the Pension Establishment.

At the Cathedral on the 26th of June, by the Revd Mr. Fisher, Mr. Francis Scallan, to Mrs. L. King, wife of the late Mr. M. H. King, of the H. C. Bengal Pilot Service.

BIRTHS.

At Calcutta, on the 9th July, Mrs. G. H. Stapleton, of a Daughter.

At Howrah, on the 14th June, Mrs. Alexander Anderson, of a still-born Son.

At Simla, on the 25th June, the Lady of Captain Dyson, Deputy Judge Advocate General, Dinapore and Benares Divisions, of a Daughter.

At Agra, on the 28th June, the Wife of Mr. W. T. Kingham, of a Daughter.

DEATHS.

At. Calcutta, on the 9th July, Anne, the beloved Wife of W. D. H. Ochme, Esq, aged 21 years; leaving a disconsolate Husband and two inlant Children to bemoan their irreparable loss.

At Howrah, on the 7th July, Mary Vernon Sime, Wife of Mr. Alexander Anderson, in her 30th year.

At Cawnpore, on the 25th June, Staff Sergeant J Gales, 2d Company 4th Battalion, of Cholera, after 18 hours illness, leaving a Wife and family to bemoan their loss, and greatly regretted by the Company he belonged to, aged 45 years.

At Calcutta, on the 2d July, Baboo Ramsoonder Dutt, Deputy Register in the Secretary's Office, Financial department, aged 64 years.

At Calcutta, on the 30th June, G. L. W. Kenderdine. esq, aged 67 years.

MADRAS.

MARRIAGES.

On the 30th June, at the Vepery Church, by the Rev. H. Cotterill, M. A. Mr. George Mayers, to Miss Mary Bishop.

At Madras, on the 21st June, by the Rev. Father Lewis, Mr. John Currie, Apothecary in the service of Lieut. General Sir John Doveton, G. C. B, to Mary, youngest daughter of M. D. Gomes, Manager of the Military Board Office.

BIRTHS.

At Kamptee, on the 28th of June, the lady of the Rev. Edward Whitehead, A. M. Assistant Chaplain, of a son.

At Anantapoor, on the 29th of June, the lady of C. Pelly, Esq., Sub Collector of Bellary, of a daughter.

At Vepery, on the morning of the 3d July, the lady of J. T. Hery Esq., of a son.

At Penang, on the 12th April, the lady of S. S. Coffin, Esq. 24th Regiment N. I., of a son.

At Porto Novo, June 30th, the wife of the Rev R. Carver, of a son.

At Government House, on the 10th July, Mrs. Walter Elliot, of a Daughter.

At Madras, on Thursday, the 1st July, the Wife of Mr. Reuben Twigg of the American Mission Press, of a Daughter.

At Perambore, on Friday, the 9th July, the Wife of Serjeant Major R. Ward, of a Daughter.

At Cannanore, on Saturday 26th June, the wife of Quarter Master Serjeant Thomas Meade, of the 36th Regt. N. I. of a son.

DEATHS.

At Vepery, at noon of the 3d July, John Adolphus, the infant son of J.T. Hery Esq.

At St. Thome, on Friday the 2d July, Mr. Bastion D. Silva, aged 62 years, sinscrely regretted by his relatives and friends.

"Measures, not Men."

THE GAZETTE.

Tuesday, July 27, 1841.

WE have received Calcutta papers up to 13th Inst.

BY a letter we have been favoured with from Poona under date 21st Inst. we find that there has been much rain there, and that it has been almost impossible to move out of the House.

IN a former issue we said that we would endeavour to find out the rates which had been fixed upon by the Police Magistrates for the hire of Palkees and Buggies. It is no fault of the Magistrates that they have not long ago been published, it is solely caused by delay on the part of the confirming powers. Meanwhile the inconveniences the public undergo are on the increase, not only from the number of Hamauls who are daily leaving Bombay, but from the exorbitant demands on the part of those who remain. This is really too bad!

WE should feel extremely obliged to any of our Military Friends in the Company's Army who would inform us whether the proposed Military Retiring Fund has been allowed to die a natural Death.

Notwithstanding all the opposition of "Uncle John" & Co. the Madras fund seems to flourish and is already in active operation. We observe that many Officers have withdrawn their objections and joined the Fund. According to the rules they will have to pay all arrears of subscriptions, and while their subscribing now, is a proof of the increasing popularity of the Fund, it at the same time displays great good sense and propriety of feeling.

WE learn from our Belgaum correspondent that the Brahmin who headed the Arabs at the affair of Badamee used the name and seal of the late Rajah of Sattarah to inveigle them into his service. The Brahmin states that, the seal was presented two years ago to his master, a Nabob, in the Nizam's territories, and that the Oude Nabob having laid some grievances before Government and receiving no redress, or even an answer to the receipt of his complaint, sent the Brahmin with the seal, to recruit as it were, for the Sattarah Rajah. The intention is stated to have been, to cut up our Troops at Sholapore, and to take possession of the arsenal and fortress. This they afterwards thought too tough a job; and bent their steps towards Badamee.

A Commission has been applied for to investigate the whole affair.

WERE we to make extracts as we could wish from the Digest of the services of the 6th Royal Warwickshire Regiment, our non Military readers would find but little matter in our columns which would interest them. Again, were we to insert the complimentary orders, &c. &c. with which the Digest is cram full, we might, without any exaggeration go to bed for a month and leave our Printer to carry on the war in our behalf. The services of an old and gallant Regiment must interest all military readers, and we would fain hope that there are amongst our Civil subscribers many to whom they will not prove uninteresting. The 6th Regiment was not, as the Digest modestly informs us, regularly established until the year 1673, though long before this it had served under the three First Princes of the House of Nassau. At this period the Regiment was sent to Holland and taken into the pay of the Dutch republic. In 1684 after having been recalled to England for the purpose of quelling "Monmouth's rebellion," the 6th were again sent to Holland. Of the particular services of the 6th Regiment in Hol-

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land no record now remains at least with the Regiment; the favor, however, which was subsequently lavished upon them by William 3rd, leaves no doubt as to their having been most distinguished.

The Regiment bore a conspicuous part in the glorious revolution of 1688. We merely make these statements to prove the antiquity of the Regiment, and must pass over upwards of a century, during which time the 6th were engaged in all parts of the world in active service. In 1795 they obtained the *soubriquet* of "SAUCY SIXTH" from the high standard at which they were recruiting. From the year 1800 to 1831 the 6th Royal Regiment served in North America, Gibraltar, Portugal and Spain, Walcheren, Peninsula and France, Canada, Cape of Good Hope and India, and within one short space of 10 years served in all the four quarters of the Globe. The *Gazette* of 15th June 1832 contained the highest possible mark of Royal favor, by His Majesty (George 4th,) having been graciously pleased to bestow the appellation of "Royal" on the Regiment, and to direct the Facings to be changed to "Blue."

The Regiment arrived in India on 30th May 1825. On the 21st November of the same year, the 6th re-embarked and proceeded to Cutch to join the Field Force, about to invade Scinde. They remained in Cutch until the 7th March 1826, when the Field Force was broken up and proceeded to their respective stations; the Ameers having yielded to the terms of the Bombay Government.

From a perusal of the Digest it does not appear that any particular favor has been shewn to the 6th in choice of stations, and in one paragraph we find that in consequence of its sickly state and having remained 4 monsoons at Bombay it received orders to march to Poona.

The 16th April 1833, the Royal Colors were presented to this regiment by Mrs. Emily Salter. The 6th have not been fortunate during their tour of Indian Service in opportunities of adding to those Laurels they had previously gained on many a bloody field. We have passed over their Peninsular services for reasons we have already mentioned. Their colors bear the names of actions at Roleia, Vimiera, Corunna, Vittoria, &c in fact they are an index of the Peninsular war. The conduct of this Regiment has been most praiseworthy in Quarters, and their cleanliness and steadiness on parade is abundantly testified by numerous general orders which we have not room to quote. We are convinced of, and have to apologize to this Regt. for, the imperfect outline we have taken of their distinguished services. They will take with them the good wishes of all with whom they have come in contact, and we are sure that should the exigencies of their country require their active services in other climes, they will be accorded with no less zeal and bravery than have distinguished those of their Regimental Ancestors.

EUROPEAN INTELLIGENCE.

SHERIFFS' COURT, JUNE 1.

HORSLEY V. ROBERTS.

This action arose out of the following circumstances, connected with the well-known society, called the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem.

It appeared that the plaintiff, an attorney, who is in partnership with a Mr. Walker, was connected with the above institution as one of its officers. Mr. R. H. Roberts is a coal-merchant, and acts as treasurer. In August, 1839, a Mr. Lings having used some expressions which Mr. Roberts considered offensive, he directed the plaintiff to write to him for an apology, and if he did not consider the retractation sufficient, to commence an action for slander. A writ was issued, but as there would probably be some difficulty in proving the exact words, the aid of counsel was called in, and the action went on further. It was for the costs arising out of this affair, amounting to 31. 10s., that the present action was brought.

Mr. Goodman, of Hungerford-market, said he remembered being at the Jerusalem Tavern, St. John's-gate, on the evening in question. Mr. Roberts, Mr. Lings, and the plaintiff were there. There was a good deal of angry talking. In the after part of the evening he heard the defendant tell Mr. Horsley to write a letter to Mr. Lings, and if it was not satisfactory to commence an action.

Mr. HUMFREY—Well, the defendant was treasurer of the Knights of St. John. Now was not Mr. Horsley attorney general? (Loud laughter.) Mr. Goodman—Yes.

Mr. HUMFREY—Well, I thought so. Mr. Goodman—And you say so. (A laugh.)

Mr. HUMFREY—But I want you to say. Now this was said late in the evening. Did the amusement end with the usual jollification and a supper? Mr. Goodman—No.

Mr. HUMFREY (producing a book)—Why here I see a very numerous body of knights in full armour, and they seem doing well, for each has a punch bowl before him. (Roars of laughter.)

Mr. Goodman—The knights meet for the purposes of benevolence.

Mr. HUMFREY—Well, tell me how the knights do end the meeting? Mr. Goodman—As all loyal subjects ought to do, by singing "God save the Queen." (Renewed merriment.)

Mr. HUMFREY then addressed the jury for the defendant, and said that the Attorney-General of the Knights of St. John must be considered as were other Attorneys-General, appointed by ministers of the state to which they belonged, and to whom they looked for payment, (Laughter.)

The UNDER SHERIFF—Not for all they do. (A laugh.

Mr. HUMFREY—No. But here the directions were given by an officer of the Society, for observations made against it, and therefore he contended that the action should have been against the knights generally, and not individually againts the knight treasurer. The jury, however, would decide as they thought right, for the amount was of no consideration to Mr. Roberts.

Mr. HORSLEY rose to make a reply.

Mr. HUMFREY—Oh, no. The Attorney-General of Jerusalem has no *locus standi*. (A laugh.)

The jury immediately found for the plaintiff, but recommended that the knights should not have an Attorney-General for the future. (Loud laughter.)

The UNDER-SHERIFF—The knights, I dare say, will hear of your wishes, but I will not append your recommendation to the verdict.

TIMES, JUNE 4.

The following notice was posted to-day at the Bank of England:—

"BANK OF ENGLAND, JUNE 3.

"At a Court of Directors held this day,

"Resolved, that until further notice, the Bank of England will discount bills of exchange and notes not having more than 95 days to run."

Since the announcement that hostilities had recommenced with the Chinese, the tea trade has been in an active state, especially among the speculators, who operate upon the chances of the market for a rise or fall, in the same manner as "time bargains" are carried on in the funds. The advance gained in the first instance was about 2½d. per lb., which brought the price of Company's Congous (the speculative article) to 1s. 11d. To-day, when the details of the accounts by the overland mail were published, they had a still greater effect upon the market, for although previously the speculators were inclined to place every reliance in the facts stated, they being so circumstantial, and in accordance with the view of the case generally entertained, still the very marked contempt with which the Emperor of China, has treated the British plenipotentiaries lea ls to the belief among some persons that there will be a protracted conflict before the dispute can in any way be arranged. While this is the case on the one hand, there are others who have of late watched the movements of the market, and who still persist that the speculation is premature. They notice the fact of the trade of Canton being still open at the date of these advices, which was to continue till the Emperor's further opinion was known, and they likewise contend that whatever difficulties may present themselves with regard to a final settlement of our rights with the Chinese Government, the export of teas will be sufficient to meet the wants of consumption, notwithstanding any edict or prohibition that may be issued to the contrary. In fact, this party believe that if we do not get teas on British we shall on foreign bottoms, or through other sources eq ually available to those engaged in their export. A conclusion of this kind doubtless led to a great reaction in the market, which took place in the course of the day, for whereas, on the first publication of our second edition, Company's teas rose to 2s. 3d per lb., they declined on change to 2s. per lb. for cash.

SATIRIST, MAY 23.]

What do the tradesmen or the trading interests of this great metropolis care as to whether PEEL or RUSSELL sit in an office in Downing-street? What matter to them is it which of them pockets 5,000*l.* a-year, and by what right or justice is it that they are subjected, some of them to ruin, and all of them to loss, in order that these two may play out their selfish game.

It is of no use to say that this dissolution is not the fault of the present Government, for that if the Whigs did not dissolve, the Tories, directly they get in, must. We admit that, at the present moment, it is forced on by the factious conduct of the Tories; but what we complain of is, that the system should exist at all. We deny altogether that there ought to be any such power, or any such a thing as a dissolution in the middle of a session of Parliament. It is a gross and a cruel abuse of power to blast the prospects of a thousand tradesmen, in order to allow these political parties to play out their own game. The ready remedy for this would be a repeal of the Septennial Act; if we only had triennial Parliaments, there would be no instance of one ever being dissolved in the middle of a session.

These dissolutions are no use to any one. The London tradesman is robbed, the candidate is obliged to mortgage his already heavy burdened estates, the funds go down, money becomes scarce, and the only people who benefit by the expenditure are the public-house keepers, who contribute the materials for turning all the low populace in the kingdom into beasts. A general election is in England an interval of general drunkenness.

We think the London tradesmen ought to take up this matter and remonstrate. There is at this moment not the least necessity in the world why a dissolution hould take place before November.

Wilson Hill in his useful and amusing work entitled "the Epicures' Almanac," recommends a particular and an excellent "drink for the *dog* days." As it is singularly *cooling*, we should suggest that it be drank by Cardigan on the *cat* days—and the *score* kept of his draughts on the back of his men.

Should the Whigs be compelled, in the approaching conflict, to "turn out," they calculate fully on being able to *roll* into office again upon the top crust of a peck loaf! The "cheap bread" cry they anticipate, will do wonders for them.

Hogg made a boast that he moved the House by his speech on the Sugar question. There cannot be a doubt about the matter, for he no sooner commenced his harangue than three-fourths of the members "moved off.

A LATE SUB-SEC'S RESIGNATION.

Says HOOK to ROGERS, with a laugh,
"Bum GORDON's lost his *better half*."
"How so? how so? tis sure a fib,
I never heard he had a *rib*."
"But it *is* true, I must repeat,
For he's entirely lost his *seat!*

A modest individual, who advertises in a morning paper of Tuesday, does not "scruple to declare that "one or two ladies of talent and 'connection' may be "*introduced to a concern*," which he asserts is established among the first circle." We should hardly think that any lady would answer anything so barefaced as this, more especially as he intimates the necessity of his fair clients being able to command 400*l.* It would be better that they should manage introductions themselves, than seek them through such a medium.

The Duchess of Argyll says, if Lady Charlotte Bury's creditors refuse *half-a-crown* in the pound, they ought to have nothing—she is of opinion it is a very *handsome* dividend. "Just *like* her," the Duke says—the creditors think quite he reverse!

PEEL'S SWEET YARN.

When PEEL, sweet soul! his sugar speech began,
The feeling was that he had much to "larn;"
But all, when done, agreed were to a man,
That he'd spun well his sugar-candy *yarn!*

"Well, Polly," said Victoria to the learned parrot, "this Golden Fleece is a fresh "honour conferred on the head of my Albert." "He needed it," rejoined the impertinent bird, "for his 'head' has been *wool* gathering for some time."

The address of congratulation on the birth of the Princess Royal, presented to the Queen at the last levee, by Sir James Graham, was from the *town* of *Pembroke*, and not from the *Earl* as some people appear to think.

"The Member for Beverley spoke nonsense by the bushel," observed an M. P., at the conclusion of the animal's protracted grunt on the question of the sugar duties. "Rather say that he poured forth trash by the *Hog's-head*," was the reply of clever Tom of Finsbury.

It is odd enough that the only person indifferent to the "cheap bread" cry about to be raised by the Whigs to keep them in office, is the master of the *rolls*, who says, come what come may, he is safe for life even if the Whig *batch* should be spoiled.

The Germans in London speak of Drury-Lane Theatre as their "head quarters"—the "*head* quarters" of Macready's troop appointed to succeed the vagabonds now in possession, will anon, we predict, have severely to suffer for this.

WHIG INDIFFERENCE.

If, Lord JOHN says, you cannot follow suit,
Why, do your best—lose not the trick, but trump it;
If on my sugar scheme you're sweet, be mute,
Or, if you like it not, why d—nme *lump* it!

"Go with me to mass this morning, dear Car?" asked the Duchess of Leeds most endearingly of her liege Duke. "No, no," replied his grace with his usual energy of expression. "You may try, but if you convert me *I'm d—d!*"

"In what respect is Lord Ellenborough, in his political position, considered to resemble Lady Charlotte Bury?" asked inimitable george of his friend Fitz. "In being an *out-law*, to be sure," replied Fitz, with a chuckle indicative of having said a good thing.

When D'Israeli in his sugar harangue was heard to speak of "commercial *relations*," Duncombe asked ex-treasury Bob if the Jew referred to his Petticoat-lane connections!

"Vot is de alteration in de Corn-law to do?" asked Prince Albert of the Queen. "Why, my dear," replied Victoria, "it will send corn down lower than it has been for years." "Den it vil make littel my corn widout de troubel of cutting it?" "rejoined the Prince. Pooh, pooh," was the laconic reply of her Majesty. "Vot for you say pooh, pooh? I vil run avay to Melbourne to ask him de meaning of dat pooh. Dam dat pooh, pooh; I not like it at all." And his Royal Highness hurried away in search of the Premier.

A correspondent transmits the following, as copied from a Devonshire paper:—"Wanted, a well-favoured, strong-made, dark whiskered young man, as groom of the chamber. Apply by letter, postpaid, to Lady Rolle, Bicton, or Captain Clarke, Fore-street, Exeter. The applicant must have an undeniable character from the mistress with whom he last lived.—N. B. A liberal salary, but no extras allowed."

The Queen was talking over the crisis the other day with Melbourne, who explained to her Majesty that the landowners looked very black upon the subject. "Ha! ha!" said the Queen, "I don't wonder at that; for upon a question relating to *corn*, they doubtless imagine that a *rye* face is quite in character." Melbourne threw himself hysterically back on his arm-chair, while Albert and the Baroness stared in mute astonishment.

VARIETIES.

AN IRISHMAN'S TALE OF HIS FATHER.—"Well it's a good many years ago my Father listed in the North Cork, just to oblige Mr. Barry, the landlord there, 'for,' says he, 'Phil,' says he, 'it's not a soldier ye'll be at all; but my own man, to brush my clothes and go errands, and the like o' that, and the king, long life to him will help to pay ye for your trouble—ye understand me.' Well my father agreed and Mr. Barry was as good as his word. Never a guard did my father mount, nor as much as a drill had he, nor a roll-call, nor anything at all, save and except wait on the captain, his master, just as pleasant as need be, and no inconvenience in life. Well, for three years, this went on as I'm telling, and the regiment was ordered down to Banthry, because of a report that the 'boys' was rising down there; and the second evening there was a might party patrolling, with Captain Barry, for six hours in the rain, and the captain, God be merciful to him, tuk could and died: more betoken, they said it was drink, but my father says it wasn't; 'for,' says he, 'after he tuk eight tumblers comfortable, my father mixed the ninth, and the captain waved his hand this way, as much as to say, he'd have no more. Is it that ye mean, says my father and the captain nodded. 'Musha, but it's sorry I am,' says my father, 'be see you this way, for ye must bie go entirely to leave off in the begin, of the evening.' And thrue for him the captain was dead in the morning. A sorrowful day it was for my father, when he died; it was the finest place in the warld; little to do; plenty of divarsion; and a kind man he was—Well, then, when the captain was buried, and all was over; my father hoped they'd be for letting him avay. But, upon my conscience, they had other thoughts in their heads; for they ordered him into the ranks to be drilled just like the recruits they took the day before, 'Musha, isn't this hard,' said my father: 'here I am an ould vitrin that ought to be discharged on a pension with two and sixpence a day, obliged to go capering about the barrack yard practising the goose step or some other nonsense not becoming my age nor my habits; but so it was. Well, this went on for some time, and, sure, if they were hard on my father, hadn't he his revenge, for he nigh broke their hearts with his stupidity; oh! nothing in life could equal him; devil a thing, no matter how easy, he could learn at all, so far from caring for being in confinement, it was that he liked best. Every sergeant in the regiment had a trial of him, but all to no good, and he seemed striving so hard to learn all the while, that they were loath to punish him, the ould rogue! This was going on for some time, when, one day, news came in that a body of the rebels, as they called them, was coming down from the Gap of Mulnavick, to storm the town, and burn all before them. The whole regiment was of coorse under arms, and great preparations was made for a battle; meanwhile patrols were ordered to scour the roads, and sentries posted at every turn of the way and every rising ground, to give warning when the boys came in sight, and my father was placed at the bridge of Drumsnag, in the wildest and bleakest part of the whole country, with nothing but furze mountains on every side, and a straight road going over the top of them. This is pleasant, says my father, as soon as they left him there alone by himself, with no human crayture to speak to, nor a whiskey shop within ten miles of him; 'cowld comfort,' says he, on a winter's day, and faix but I've a mind to give you the slip. Well, he put his gun down on the bridge, and he lit his pipe, and he sat down under an ould tree and began to ruminate upon his affairs. 'Oh, then, it's wishing it well I am,' says he, 'for sodgering; and, bad luck to the hammer that struck the shilling that listed me that's all for he was mighty low in his heart. Just then a noise came rattling down near him; he listened; and before he could get on his legs, down comes the general, ould Cohoon, with an orderly after him. 'Who goes there? says my father. 'The round,' says the general, looking about all the time to see where was the sentry, for my father was snug under the tree. What round? says my father. 'The grand round,' says the general, more puzzled than afore. 'Pass on grand round, and God save you kindly,' says my father, putting his pipe in his mouth again, for he thought all was over. 'D—n your soul, where are you?' says the general; for sorrow a bit of my father could the see yet. 'Is here I am,' says he, and a cowld place I have had of it; and av it was at for the pipe I'd be lost entirely.' The words was'nt well out of his mouth, when the general began laughing till ye'd think he'd fall off his horse; and the dragoon behind him—more by token, they say it was'nt right for him—laughed as loud as himself. 'Yer a droll sentry,' says the general, as soon as he could speak. 'Be gorra, it's little fun there's left in me, says my father, 'with this drilling, and parading, and blaguarding about the roads all night.' 'And is this the way you salute your officer?' says the general. 'Just so,' says my father; 'devil a more politeness ever they taught me.' 'Wha regiment do you belong to?' says the general. 'The North Cork, bad luck to them,' says my father with a sigh. 'They ought to be proud of ye,' says the general. 'I'm sorry for it,' says my father, sorrowfully, 'for may be they'll keep me the longer.' 'Well, my good fellow,' says the general, 'I hav'nt more time to waste here; but let me teach you something before I go. Whenever your officer passes, it's your duty to present arms to him.' 'Arrah, it's jokin ye are,' says my father. 'No, I'm in earnest,' says he, 'as ye might learn to your cost, if I brought you to a court-martial.' 'Well there's no knowing,' says my father, 'what they'd be up to; but sure if that's all I'll do it with all 'the veins' whenever yer coming this way again.' The General began to laugh again but he said:—'I'm coming back in the evening,' says he, 'and mind you don't forget your respect to your officer,' 'Never faar, sir, says my father; and many thanks to you for your kindness for telling me.' Away went the General, and the orderly after him, and, in ten minutes,

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they were out of sight. * * * The General was walking his horse down the steep part of the mountain, followed by the orderly. My father immediately took up his musket off the wall, settled his belts, shook the ashes out of his pipe, and put it into his pocket, making himself as smart and neat looking as he could be, determining, when ould Cohoon came up, to ask him for leave to go home, at least for the night. Well, by this time, the General was turning a sharp part of the cliff that looks down upon the bridge, from where you might look five miles round on every side. 'He sees me,' says my father; but I'll be just as quick as himself.' No sooner said than done; for coming forward to the perapet of the bridge, he up with his musket to his shoulder, and presented it straight at the General It wasn't well there when the officer pulled up his horse quite short, and shouted out, 'Sentry—sentry!' 'Anan!' says my father, still covering him. 'Down with your musket, you rascal don't you see it's the grand round. 'To be sure I do, says my father, never changing for a minute. 'The ruffian will shoot me,' says the General. 'Devil a fear,' says me father. 'av it doesn't go off of itself.' What do you mean by that, you villain?' says the General, scarce able to speak with fright, for every turn he gave on his horse my father followed with the gun—'What do you mean?' 'Sure, ain't I presenting,' says my father: 'blood an ages, do you want me to fire next?' With that the General drew a pistol from his holster, and took deliberate aim at my father; and there they both stood for five minutes, looking at each other, the orderly, all the while breaking his heart laughing behind a rock; for, ye see, the General knew as he came on that he might fire by chance; and sorra bit he knew what was best to be done. 'Are ye going to pass the evening up there, Grand Round?' says my father, 'for it's time I I'm getting hou din'ts so long? 'Port arms,' shouted the General, as if on parade. 'Sure I can't, till yer passed,' says my father, 'and my hand's trembling already.' 'By heavens! I shall be shot,' says the General. 'Be gorra, it's what I'm afraid of,' says my father; and the words wasn't out of his month before off went the musket bang, and down fell the General smack on the ground senseless. Well, the orderly ran out at this, and took him up and examined his wound; but it was'nt a wound at all, only the wadding of the gun, for my father—God be kind to him—ye see, could do nothing right, and so he bit off the wrong end of the catridge when he put it in the gun, and by reason there was no bullet in it."

The proper and characteristic duty of an instructor of the people is the affording a good example. The faith of his flock rests mainly upon his own, and is, strictly speaking, little more than a faith in his faith.—Fichte.

It is only necessary to grow old, to become more indulgent. I see no fault committed that I have not committed myself.—Goethe.

A CHARITABLE WISH.—At a Tory festival in Beccles, reported in the Standard, the Chairman, Sir T. S. Gooch. Bart, spoke his mind in these terms:—"If he had his wish, Mr O'Connell would have been hanged long ago. (A laugh.) It might be thought an uncharitable wish, but it came from the bottom of his heart. What a happy thing it would be to see him and many more dancing upon nothing. (Cheers.)

Very True.—The of which binds man to his brother man is older than the annals of England can reach, and will endure when the names of Peel and Russell shall be alike forgotten—Times.

A chip oi aristocracy, living in the Broadway, had a very long and difficult name, and on a stranger trying to pronounce it t'other day, his tongue got entangled in his teeth, and he could no get it disengaged until some one advised him to spell the word backwards.—American paper.

LEARNED DOGS.—A meeting of the Zoological Society was held on Tuesday evening, in Leicester square, and a French gentleman, named Leonard, was introduced by Mr Yarrell, with two dogs of the pointer breed, which he had trained so successfully that he could make them do almost any thing they were bidden. M. Leonard proceeded to give some specimens of the education of his canine pupils. He holds that they have intelligence, reflection, memory and comparison. One is called Philax, and the other Braque, and they performed such feats as would make all the "learned pigs of the universe" hide their diminished heads." A variety of things were placed upon the floor, such as a glove, a handkerchief, &c.; and the dogs, on being shown a corresponding object, would bring it to thier master, or take it to any part of the room they might be desired. The numerals from one to nine were also placed on the floor, and having been shifted in any direction, the dogs would bring in their mouth any number mentioned. They would lie down in a passive and chagrined state, or bound about the room with every demonstration of joy, according to the bidding of their master; and they would obey the commands of persons they had never seen before, provided they were addressed in the French language and received their master's permission.

ROYAL ARTILLERY.—A general court-martial is to be held at Woolwich on Monday next. The parties under arrest at at present are Lieut. E. W. Dance, and Lieut. P. F. G. Scott. The breaches of discipline, with which they are charged have not yet been made public, but from report the differences betwixt these two officers took place in a billiard-room, by Lieut. Dance applying an unofficer-like expression to Lieut. Scott, who immediately retaliated by personal resentment, the ultimate result of which was a challenge sent by Lieut. Dance to Lieut. Scott, to induce him to fight a duel. A court-martial on a commissioned officer has not been held in the garrison at Woolwich during the last twenty years, and the present will not cast any reflection upon the Royal Regiment of Artillery, as the parties may be only said to be boys, the eldest having been only eleven months and the other five months in the service.

CHACE OF DOGS ON THE TAFF VALE RAILWAY.—On Wednesday last as the eleven o'clock train was proceeding to Cardiff from Merthyr, on nearing Newbridge a fine greyhound and a terrier were observed by some of the passengers, running at the top of their speed between the rails, a few yards in advance of the train. After running some five or six hundred yards they crossed the left rail and, still side by side, continued the race evidently in great terror—the terrier, singular to relate, being about a head in advance of the greyhound. The train was going at a fast rate, and the little distance between the dogs and the engine rapidly diminishing, when the engineer attempted ineffectually to drive them off the road by throwing large pieces of coke at them. The poor creatures, seemed fascinated, and whilst the writer of this paragraph (a passenger, feeling assured that both would be killed) was anxiously awaiting the issue, he suddenly lost sight of the terrier, whilst the greyhound, being passed by the engine, crouched down on the road with tongue extended, evidently all but exhausted. The writer's conjecture as to their fate was partly verified, for on looking back he beheld the poor terrier extended between the rails with his head cut completely open, and his more fortunate companion, the greyhound, standing over him.—*Hereford Times.*

AN AFFECTIONATE FAMILY—Yesterday, at the Brentford petty sessions, the family of the Floyds, residing in that town, appeared en masse before the bench, to answer charges, cross charges, and counter charges of having assaulted each other. Mrs. Floyd, the step-mother of the tribe, was first charged with assaulting her step-daughter Sarah, by first affording her a shower bath of dirty water, succeeded by a pailful of clean water; after which they proceeded to fisty-cuffs until each had demolished the attire of the other, when Dame Floyd ran into cover, returning, however, with a table knife in her hand, which was taken from her by Samuel Floyd, who was charged with giving Dame Floyd a black eye. Sam said, although living in the same house, he had seen her running out with a knife in her hand at his sister he gave her a crack, and took it from her. Dame Floyd said it was true he had for two years treated her with "silence content" (silent contempt), and that the family wanted to get rid of her, but she would be quits with them yet, as the house and the furniture was hers. The next charge was for the destruction of certain caps, frills, and furbelows, when "Emelia," another branch of the house of Floyd, produced a similar assortment of damaged articles, and said Dame Floyd had several times threatened to put six inches of steel into her by way of a quietus, and on one occasion had thrust a knife at her, but by her jumping aside it had become bent against the wall. Dame Floyd next proceeded for wilful damage done to her spectacles, but the bench determined on hearing no more, and Dame Floyd and "Sam" Floyd were each held to bail in the sum of 20l. The dame's better half kept out of the way until he was fetched to get her out of "durance vile," he becoming her surety.

Attempt to rob the Duke of Devonshire in the Surrey Zoological Gardens.—On Tuesday afternoon, about five o'clock, a most daring attempt was made to rob the Duke of Devonshire, in the Surrey Zoological gardens. His grace arrived in the gardens about half past four o'clock, and and, attended by Mr. Cross, the proprietor, and Mr. Warwick, the superintendent, proceeded to view the various animals. It was soon ascertained that his grace was there, and he was speedily surrounded by the numerous visitors, anxious to catch a glimpse of the illustrious nobleman. Whilst engaged in inspecting the wild animals, which are enclosed in the cages beneath the glass dome, the crowd pressed rather closely upen his grace, and Mr. Cross observed two persons of respectable appearance, whose actions excited his suspicions that they belonged to the swell mob. He accordingly kept his eye upon them, and in the course of a minute or two he observed one of them lift up the tail of his graces coat, and put his hand into the pocket. He immediately seized him, and Mr. Warwick collared the other. Two policemen of the P. division, William Fidler, 104, and Samuel Gardener, 193, were instantly in attendance, and took them into custody, and conveyed them to the station house, Park-street, Locks fields. The one who attempted his grace's pocket gave his name as William Thomas Morgan; the other refused to give his name, but it was subsequently ascertained that his name is Richard Hitchman, alias Bristol Dick, who resides in New street, New Kent road. They are well known to the police as belonging to the swell mob. They were both dressed in the first style of fashion, and Hitchman had a Macintosh thrown across his arm. On being searched, a shilling only was found in Morgan's pocket, with a sharp penknife. The jewellery on their persons was mock.

THE CHINESE WAR.—The following is from a correspondent. The information in the concluding passage of the letter, if correct, may be of serious consequence in the impending contest:—"I had a long conversation yesteaday with a Portuguese gentleman of large property, who has just returned from China. He quite agrees in the view which Mr. Plowden took last year of the China question, that it would have been much more honourably, easily, and peaceably settled, if Lord Heytesbury or Lord Canterbury (a civilian, not a sailor, or soldier) had been sent out with Sir G. Staunton, or Mr. Davis, two of the East India Company's old servants, who were well known and respected in China, with instructions to treat for the carrying on the legitimate trade in a more satisfactory manner for the future, and not attempting to support the opium smugglers. Mr. Astell's prophecy, he thinks, is likely to be fulfilled, that the China war having begun in dishonour will end in disgrace, and the loss of the legitimate trade to this country for ever. This gentleman says that previous to his leaving China, the Burmese, Cochin Chinese, and Nepaulese, had all tendered their services to the Emperor, to assist in repelling the English, and they can easily agitate, and perhaps eventually shake our Indian empire."—(Post)

THE BRITISH LION.—We publish the following letter which we have received from Mr. Wombwell, the well-known proprietor of the travelling menagerie, and congratulate the public on the naturalization of an animal which, by a wise forethought of our forefathers, was made symbolical of the strength of Great Britain. Metaphorical lions have so long been indigenous to this country, that it is quite "refreshing at last to get a few real ones:—"Royal Menagerie, Uttoxeter, May 25 Mr. Editor: Yesterday morning, as my menagerie was about to proceed from Ashbourn to this place, the keepers opened the tops of the waggone, as usual, to admit air to the animals during the journey, when, to their surprise, they discovered that my lioness Charlotte had produced four fiue cubs. As she had previously littered this year—viz., five on the 1st of January, at Canterbury, I am induced to make the circumstance known to you, as it is unprecedented in this country. All the cubs, both of this and the former birth, are strong and healhty, and although the lioness is only seven and a half years old, she has already produced twenty cubs, fifteen of which are now in my menagerie, and two in the possession of the Zoological Society of Manchester. If, sir, you think proper to make use of any of these particulars, you are at liberty to do so.—I am, sir, your very obedient servant, GEO. WOMBWELL."

Two ravens were seen a few days since fighting in the air, near the mouth of the river Yealm, and at length fell together to the ground. An observer hastened to the spot, and secured them both while they were thus hotly engaged, and locked in each other's claws.—*Western Luminary:*

CHRISTIAN NAMES.—A Cabinet Order at Berlin explains that in the ordinance issued some years ago, by which the Jews are prohibited from giving Christian names to their children, that those only are to be considered as prohibited names either derived from the name of our Saviour, such as Christian, Christopher, &c., or which refer to some dogma of the Christian church, such as Renatus, Anastas, Baptist, and Peter.

RIOT AT CANTERBURY, AND ATTACK UPON THE STATION-HOUSE.—At Canterbery on Friday Captain Byng Doherty, Captain John Allgood, Captain Edmund Doherty, and Captain John Goddard, of the 13th and 14th Light Dragoons, at present stationed at the garrison at Canterbury, were brought before the Mayor:—An inspecter of police stated that on the previous night the defendants, with others not in custody, were rioting about the streets in a state of intoxication, and creating considerable disturbance. He being grossly abused by Captain Doherty, took that gentleman into custody. Some of the other defendants attempted a rescue and finally the whole were conveyed to the station-house. A few minutes elapsed when a body of soldiers, belonging to the 13th and 14th Regiments, came to the station-house, determined to have the officers out. In the skirmish that ensued the door in the passage, which led to where the prisoners were confined, was broken in by them, he was seized by the throat, and dragged out of the station into the street, and while there saw several of the soldiers endeavour to force the iron bars which secured the window. They threatened to knock him down if he dared to interfere. After some time the defendants were liberated, and as they came out singly they raised a loud shout of exultation. The iron crowbar used by the assailants was produced, and appeared to be a formidable weapon.—Another constable stated that he took Captain Allgood to the station-house, and on the way there he offered witness a crown to let him go; and finding that the proposal was rejected, Captain Allgood said to two privates of the 13th, who were in the street, "Go down to the Prince of Orange and tell your comrades that their officers are taken to the station-house"—The defendants were then bound over, themselves in 100l, and two sureties of 100l., to appear at the quarter sessions and take their trial.

THE WATERFORD ARMS.—Jane Edwards, a young woman, applied on her petition to be discharged. Her application was supported by Mr. Woodroffe.—The insolvent had kept the Waterford Arms in the Haymarket, which had formerly been called the Turk's Head. There were some curious statements on the proceedings of this scene of Waterford orgies. There was an item of 60l. as a loss sustained on the breakage of glass and the damage of furniture in a few months. Several debts were claimed from "gentlemen" for wine and money advanced. Among the names appeared Lord Waldegrave as a debtor for 48l. 10s. for "wine and money advanced." He was inserted as a good debtor.—The case was adjourned.

A few days since, a gentleman of notorious and uncompromising principle, resident in one of the great metropolitan districts, was applied to, in due course, for his subscription to the Conservative Association, of which he was a member. His answer was a firm and prompt denial—"I shall subscribe no longer.' The agent of the association respectfully requested to be permitted to report his reasons for withdrawal. 'My reasons are, that you have done, and are doing, no good.' An explanation was offered. The clearest proofs were rendered of the efficiency of the association. A continual progress had been made in diminishing the Radical strength, and in augmenting the Conservative forces; and it was clear, to all human modes of calculation, that the very next election must entirely establish the Conservative ascendancy in that locality. 'I grant all this,' was the reply. 'I admit that you have worked perseveringly and well; and that you have purged the register; and that it is very probable that the next opportunity will entirely change the representation of this district. But, when all this is done, I still ask what good you will have done? You gain a Conservative majority in Parliament—you turn out the Ministry. That is, *you get rid of one set of scoundrels, and have another set in their room.*' We aver, that this conversation took place very recently, and that the malcontent was a highly respectable, worthy, and well-principled man, resident in this metropolis."

TRAVESTIE OF SCRIPTURE IN AN ANTHEM.—A Reverend Correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* calls attention to this paragraph in the *Court Circular*:—

"WINDSOR, Sunday.—The anthem, a new one composed by Dr. G. J. Elvy, 'Behold O God;' chorus, 'Behold, O God, our defender, and look upon the face of thine anointed;' quartet and chorus. 'O Lord, grant the Queen a long life, that her years may endure *throughout all generations*;' quartet, 'In her time let the righteous flourish, and let peace be in all our borders; chorus, 'As for her enemies, clothe them with shame, but upon herself let her crown flourish." He observes—"I say nothing of the adulation of this—I speak as a clergyman, of the bold effrontery and profanity of applying a prophecy of Messiah to such a purpose as this. The doctor ought to be informed that it is older than he fancies (so far at least as the ingenious adoptation of words is concerned). St. Bonaventura has applied the same exalted sentences to the Virgin Mary."

Another clergyman, by the way, writes in the same journal thus:—"It was with astonishment and regret that I read one sentence in the *Chronicle* of Saturday last. Referring to Mr. Brundrett's illness, you thus conclude:—'We hope he may yet be restored to health; but should it be the will of the Almighty to call him to another state of being, *he has prepared himself for it by a life of rectitude and benevolence.*' The last clause is unscriptural, and therefore *dangerous*. I am sure, Mr. Editor, it is not your wish to diffuse *error*. If the Bible is true—and I suppose you od not doubt its truth—no man can prepare himself for heaven by a life of rectitude and benevolence."

George Cruikshank's Omnibus—De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis is indeed the character of this amusing miscellany in all respects. The literature is for readers of all kinds. There is earnestness as well as epigram; fugitive and laughing sketches, with the beginning of a continuous tale; capital verses on topics of the day, and indications of verse of a higher order.

From a witty contribution on Photographic Phenomena, we take a sketch of the new style of portrait painting and of its effect upon the sitters:

Apollo, whom Drummond of Hawthornden styled
"Apelles of flowers,"
Now mixes his showers
Of sunshine, with colours by clouds undefiled;
Apelles indeed to man, woman, and child.
His agent on earth, when your attitude's right,
Your collar adjusted, your locks in their place,
Just seizes one moment of favouring light,
And utters three sentences—"Now it's begun,"—
"It's going on now, sir,"—and "Now it is done;"
And lo! as I live, there's the cut of your face
On a silvery plate,
Unerring as fate,
Worked off in celestial and strange mezzotint,
A little resembling an elderly print.
"Well, I *never*!" all cry; "it is cruelly like you!
But Truth is unpleasant
To prince and to peasant.
You recollect Lawrence, and think of the graces
That Chalon and Company give to their faces;
The face you have worn fifty years doesn't strike you!

The Criticisms of the Sitters.

"Can this be *me*! do look, mamma!"
Poor Jane begins to whimper;
"I *have* a smile, 'tis true;—but, pa!
This gives me quite a simper.
Says Tibb, whose plays are worse than bad,
"It makes my forehead flat;"
And being classical, he'll add,
"I'm blow'd if I'm like *that*."
Courtly, all candour, owns his portrait true;
"Oh, yes, it's like; yes, very; it will do.
Extremely like me—every feature—*but*
That plain pug-nose; now mine's the Grecian cut!"

Her Grace surveys her face with drooping lid;
Prefers the protrait which Sir Thomas did;
Owns that o'er his *some* traits of truth are sprinkled;"
But views the brow with anger—"Why, it's wrinkled!"

"Like *me*!" cries Sir Turtle; "I'll lay two to one
It would only be guess'd by my foes;
No, no, it is plain there are spots in the sun,
Which accounts for these spots on my nose."

"A likeness!" cries Crosslook, the lawyer, and sneers;
"Yes, the wig throat, and forehead I spy
And the mouth, chin, and cheeks, and the nose and the ears,
But it gives me a cast in the eye!"

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR, AT THE GAZETTE PRESS APOLLO, STREET (OLD ADMIRALTY HOUSE,) BY J. W. CROSCADDEN.